

THE ALBUQUERQUE CITIZEN

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FIGURES ARE FURNISHED.

The water organ in its editorial utterances this morning, is as Artimus Ward would say "an amonishing cuss." From the way it dances and prances, one might conclude that it had sat down on the business end of a bee.

It is still raving for The Citizen to furnish figures as to the construction of an up to date water plant for approximately \$75,000. For all the world the organ reminds one of the story of Jack and the Bean Stalk, over which youngsters thrilled and enthused fifty years ago. The giant came in while Jack was hid under the bed. So Mr. Giant said to Mrs. Giant, "Fee, faw fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman: Dead or alive I will have him."

Now, that is the way of the organ after figures. Dead or alive it will have some. Very well here goes, Colonel Jastro, who put in an up to date plant at Bakersfield, Cal., in opposition to a worn out one like Albuquerque now has, told The Citizen, and he read and approved the interview before it was printed, that a modern plant, consisting of twelve wells, scattered at different points in the city, with the necessary mains into which the water would be pumped, avoiding the heating and contaminating of a reservoir—that such a plant could be installed in Albuquerque for approximately \$75,000. There are some figures, neighbor. Gnow on them for a while.

Mr. Herman Blenhor, of west Albuquerque, who has been engaged for years in water production, and is an expert theoretically and practically, said to The Citizen for publication, that he could furnish the city all the water it might want for 100 years to come, and do it at a profit, for 5 cents per thousand gallons. Now, neighbor, when you get through the first figures, gnow on this batch for a while.

Furthermore, there is an experiment going on in this city, at the present time, which shows that water can be produced here for less than 2 cents per thousand gallons. Want any more figures to gnaw on? Well, here they come.

The present water plant is bonded for \$185,000. Considerably more must be added to this, in order that the company may make the "speculation," for which purpose the organ says they bought the property. The company is charging 35 cents per thousand gallons for water which could be produced for 2 cents. Aren't those nice figures? Yet that is the way the water organ is working for the interests of Albuquerque. And, then, too, the Journal would like to fasten this condition on Albuquerque for thirty-five years.

NEW MEXICO SHOULD FOLLOW.

The Colorado Springs Telegraph says that from Grand Junction comes the report that its 6,300 acres of beets are in the most flourishing condition that any crop yet has been at this stage of development. The region about Eaton, Fort Collins, Greeley, Longmont, Loveland, Sterling and New Windsor, with almost 60,000 acres planted to beets, reports 90 per cent of the crop in fine condition and the present season certain to far exceed all former figures in the value of the beet sugar production. Sugar City reports the crop just four weeks in advance of last year's production and says that the growers of that vicinity, while they are being molested somewhat by worms, are fighting them successfully. Rocky Ford cantaloupes have suffered badly from hail, but the storms came early enough to enable the farmers to re-plant to beets, and their season will be profitable.

Six years ago not a dollar was contributed to the wealth of Colorado from this source. Last year the figure was \$6,000,000. This year will see it again vastly increased, and in the good work, one of the most valuable ever undertaken in the state, Colorado Springs men are constantly in the lead.

WATCH THE ORGAN SQUIRM.

The Citizen states again, as it has stated many times before, that Colonel Jastro, who put in an up to date plant at Bakersfield, Cal., said in an interview in The Citizen, some weeks ago, that an up to date and adequate plant could be installed in Albuquerque for approximately \$75,000. Last evening The Citizen said: "Will the water organ say that Colonel Jastro is not an authority on this question? That he does not know what he is talking about? That he is unreliable in his estimates? Say so or shut up."

"THE CITIZEN ASKS ITS READERS TO NOTICE HOW THE WATER ORGAN WON'T ANSWER THE QUESTIONS HERE PROPOUNDED."

And they did not, and they won't.

WATERWORKS NOT FOR RENT.

Let it be written largely so that none may mistake—the people of Los Angeles will not consent to any plan which will remove the water system from their immediate control.

Municipal ownership of waterworks has proved an unqualified success in Los Angeles. The people will not now, nor at any time in the future, sell, lease or otherwise relinquish control of the source and distribution of water in this city.—Los Angeles Express.

"NOBODY CARES FOR ME."

"I don't want to die. The sunset is so beautiful and the people are having such a good time, but nobody cares for me," wrote a New York girl before she drowned herself. Poor lassie. The echo of that old cry "No man careth for my soul," comes down through all the centuries. Of course it is all a mistake to fall into that sort of thinking or feeling rather; since dependancy is largely of the heart. Because—somebody does care.

That is to say, somebody would care did they know. No one in this world of kind hearts needs to suffer alone. There is plenty of sympathy and helpfulness.

The water organ says that The Citizen "cannot point to a single utterance of the Morning Journal, which can in any way be construed into an advocacy of the purchase of the present waterworks by the city." In the name of common sense, what then is the organ fighting for? Why does it devote so many double lines of its valuable (?) editorial space to the water question? Can it be possible the organ is still fighting for the 35 years' extension of the present burdensome franchise? Why, neighbor, that is dead and buried, and so far advanced in putrescence that it cannot even be skinned. The Citizen killed that quite a while ago.

Prompt Return on Advertisement.

A good rain just now would be thankfully received, although the country is not yet suffering to any extent for moisture.—Later: We had a good rain Friday evening, several heavy showers during the night and this, Saturday forenoon, we are having a good, old-fashioned rain, the kind with long endurance and deep penetration.—Kiowa Record.

GOOD MOTTO FOR TOWN.

We like that motto of the Epworthians: "Look up, lift up." It's a good motto and should be emulated by the citizens of Canon just at this time. We must look up and all lift together, if we are to secure any one of the propositions before us. We'll never do anything or get anything by looking down and crying down those who would boost the city.—Canon City Clipper.

The American people can find cause for gratification in the figures just issued by the Interstate Commerce commission on the subject of railway casualties in the present year. The accident bulletin last issued showed that during the first three months of the present year the railroads of this country killed only 969 persons and injured only 14,397. But then we are multiplying too fast any way, by birth and immigration.

New Mexican cantaloupes, which grow in the Pecos valley, in Chavez and Eddy counties, and in the Rio Grande valley, in Socorro and Dona Ana counties, are su-

prior to the best produced in Colorado. They are also earlier on the market.—New Mexican.

The Equitable trouble, amounting almost to a scandal, is throwing some valuable light on the conduct of the insurance business. It is revealing many serious weaknesses. The chief point that has been clear is that insurance rates are unnecessarily high.

The London Leader says "The profits of the Nottingham municipal gas works last year were \$450,000; profits of the street cars, \$100,000; profits of water works, \$25,000." That shows how impractical it is for the public to operate a franchise.

An Arkansas negro who eloped with a white girl was hanged by indignant citizens. Dispatches do not state what reward was given the girl who was a party to the elopement.—Cripple Creek Times.

With wool worth 20 to 25 cents a pound, and lambs worth from \$2.50 to \$3.00 each, what is a ewe worth? If one will take the trouble to figure it out, he will find that a ewe is paying good interest on a valuation of \$35.

Why not have a dog show at the approaching territorial fair? The expense would be light and considerable interest would be created.

WOMAN'S WAR ON THE MOST FRAGRANT VEGETABLE SELECTED

A campaign against that odorous edible esteemed everywhere for its strong savor of virtues—the onion—is being waged at Portsmouth, Ohio.

To trace the origin of the crusade: A lecturer before the Alliance of Women's clubs said that the onion had no value as a food, that it had no taste, appealing only to the sense of smell.

The friends of the down-trodden vegetable had the spunk to defend it. That made trouble in the town. The ensuing debate estranged friends and stopped one marriage.

Finally in the effort to settle the dispute the alliance passed resolutions classing the onion with "the noxious herbs of the illy family." The concluding paragraphs read as follows: "Whereas, the Apostle Paul, in his letter to the Romans, doubtless referred to the eating of onions when he said, 'if any man defile the temple of God which shall God destroy, for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are,' therefore, let all sensible and clean people cease the onion habit." There now! There is no compromise with the unclean sniffing, no mellorative suggestion that the acrid volatile oil of the onion may be released by boiling. No, not even in hash! However, the onion needs no defense. It is strong enough to speak for itself.

Consider its history. Think of the criticisms of the final and the pungent answer of its bouquet through the long ages since it found its early home in Asia. Built and long, it has always been in evidence and has followed man in all his wanderings. Its scent has put tang to every breeze.

Remember how the children of Israel got tired of manna and longed for the leeks and onions of Egypt? There is no doubt that as soon as they got settled in the Promised Land they sent back and got some onion sets.

The mouths of those Portsmouth women shall yet water! And as for us who love the fragrant fruit—long may its perfume grace our nostrils. Aye even to the point of tears.

No country on earth yields an onion of finer flavor than that which New Mexico produces, nor is there any land where the yield per acre is greater.

HOW GRAFT AND GREED ARE MARCHING TO THEIR FALL

Eugene V. Debs in New York Journal

The fountains of the mighty deep are breaking up in the industrial and commercial world. Tremendous forces are at work and tremendous energies are grappling with and vainly seeking to restrain them.

The heavings of the billows have an ominous sound to conservative custodians of the old order, but upon ears attuned they fall like strains of music, since these prodigious breathings but betoken the awakening of humanity.

The earth is now subdued and space is no more. Warring nations are being welded into one. The human race is to be at last triumphant.

The last lingering autocracy is sinking below the horizon and the first real republic will soon rise above it.

THE KINGDOM OF CAPITALISM.

What a spectacle, this breaking up of the age-old order!

War, with all its savage horrors, assassinations, splashing with brains and blood the divine right to rule; tumult, rioting, shootings, sabreings, police spyings, destitution, licentiousness, cursing and all the myriad moanings of the victims and fierce cries of the awful avenger! In our own land, the vaunted footstool of liberty, we have the imperial reign of Greed and Graft.

Standard Oil, Equitable Assurance, postoffice steals, timber robberies, land piracies, frenzied finance, trust boudlers, Colorado brigands, Chicago riots, rotten legislatures, plutocratic senate, injunction courts, standing army, great navy, world power, seaboard capitalists, colleges, municipal corruption, Pinkerton patriotism, old flag, open shop, citizens' alliance, ad infinitum!

This is the daily bill in a land in which "Sovereign citizens" are bought on election day like Tennessee mules and the presidency goes to the gang of political pirates that can raise the highest pile of boodle.

Of such is the kingdom of capitalism in every land on the face of the earth.

And capitalism having run its evolutionary course has gone to seed; thick and fast are its contradictions multiplying.

THE NEW FORCES.

The new forces have outgrown the old forms. The Himalaya of private wealth is tottering at its base and the abyss of poverty is sending up its yawnings. Something has got to give way and that soon.

The capitalist system of production is choking to death its system of distribution.

There must be relief or there will be a rupture of arteries and blood vessels.

The working class need but consume what they produce, and all is well.

Long ages have they toiled that others might enjoy, starved that others might be gorged, and now the day of reckoning is near.

Their masters, rulers and exploiters, beat the air in frenzy, but the evils do not relax; they clutch at one another's throats, but the coils of fate steadily tighten about them.

They have had their day, and their system has had its day, and now we look upon the last scene of the worldwide tragedy of capitalism.

All hail to the coming working class, the saviors of the earth! They bear the international banner of the conquering host.

THE TRAMP, TRAMP OF LABOR.

Hear you, capitalism, their shibboleth is your dying groan:

"Workmen of all countries, unite; you have nothing to lose but your chains; you have a world to gain."

The world-struggle is the struggle for the world and the working class is the world.

The tramp, tramp of the uniting working class is heard around the earth.

Eight million staunch and true, with flashing eyes and hearts as one, are on the march.

Prepare the way for the international socialist movement, the working class of the world, which is coming to take possession of the world and consecrate it to humanity.

RETURNS FROM TRIP TO RUINS OF GRAN QUIVERA

Mrs. Clara A. B. Corbryn, who recently secured a patent on 150 acres of land in the new county of Torrance, which embraces the historic ruins of Gran Quivera, returned to the city today from a trip to the ruins.

Mrs. Corbryn states that vandals have destroyed a large portion of the most interesting parts of the ruins, and stolen old pottery, etc., contained in the underground passages. It is her intention to ascertain who these trespassers have been, and to immediately prosecute them if they fail to return the relics they have taken.

After attending to some business here, which will require two or three days, Mrs. Corbryn will return to the scene of the ruins.

J. W. Seales, the well known New Mexico agent of the Armour Packing company, of Chicago, has received a promotion, and will leave in a few days for California, which territory he will represent for the company. It is not known who will take his place in this city.

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ALBUQUERQUE

REPORT OF CONDITION JULY 3, 1905

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Cash on Hand	\$ 71,436.09	Capital	\$ 150,000.00
Due from Banks (Eight Exchange)	887,029.04	Surplus and Profit	28,781.18
Loans & Discounts	824,084.97	Deposits	1,170,990.69
Furniture and Fixtures	4,627.07		
Real Estate	17,044.70		
	\$1,854,721.87		\$1,854,721.87

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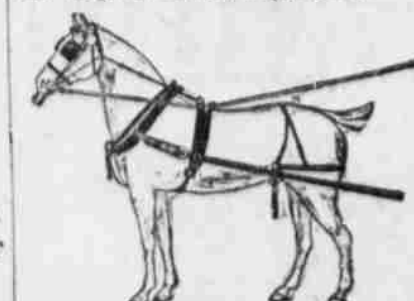
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